

NATIONAL RECORDER.

Containing Essays upon subjects connected with Political Economy, Science, Literature, &c.; Papers read before the Agricultural Society of Philadelphia; a Record of passing Events; Selections from Foreign Magazines, &c. &c.

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The Constitution.—It was perhaps too much to hope from any *southern* man, but we should not have been surprised had Mr. Lowndes agreed with Mr. Sergeant, to postpone the Missouri question, by recommending that the constitution should be remanded to the people, on account of the clause forbidding the entrance into the state of free people of colour. The question before the committee was of so different a nature from that of the last session, that even the members who considered themselves pledged by their former speeches and votes, might have agreed to postpone the admission of the state, without any change of opinion, or any appearance of inconsistency. It is with much sorrow that we perceive the fallacy of all hope of a spirit of forbearance and conciliation in the members from the slaveholding states. It seems that there can be no aggravation of the folly and crime of the majority in Missouri, that will induce their advocates to listen to their old friends, and to refuse their support to pretensions urged with an arrogant disregard to decorum and right. Had there been nothing more than the clause forbidding the legislature to pass laws for emancipation, we should not have expected from the opposite party any deference to the opinion of a majority of the nation: but when the constitution formed by Missouri is so plainly repugnant to the spirit and letter of the *Supreme Law of the Land*, we could not forbear to indulge some hope, that the question might yet be left undecided. We shall hereafter trust but little to worth and ability, when opposed by prejudice and party rancour.

The committee think no part of the constitution of the United States "more difficult to construe well, than that clause which gives to the citizens of each state the privileges and immunities of citizens of the several states." And to *avoid* the question, they wish to leave it, "whenever a case occurs which must *necessarily* involve the decision of it," to judicial cognizance. They are not content to do this, however, without expressing an opinion

that it is *settled* that a state has a right to discriminate between the white and black man, though both be citizens of another state. After such a decision of the question, it looks like insincerity to pretend to leave it to the judges. But were it left without the expression of any opinion by the committee, it is idle to talk of the question coming before the judges. What black man would dare to contest the point with the state of Georgia, or any other in which the slave interest predominates? The committee are particularly anxious that their recommendation should be followed, on account of the embarrassments and disasters of refusing admission to Missouri. Without denying that there will be some inconvenience, it may safely be said, that there will be far less than has been threatened; but, for our own part, we had rather that Missouri should be forever "without any check from the constitution," than to abandon what has been well described by the author of the *Federalist*, as the basis of the union.

The southern papers are full of declamation upon the inexpediency of a renewal of the question, and they call upon the "candid and patriotic" among the northern politicians, to give their influence in favour of a silent and speedy admission of Missouri. We have no hesitation in claiming these qualities, but they are far from inclining us to such a course. We have listened with openness of mind and kindness of heart to all that has been said, and find nothing to convince us that reason or law is on the side of slavery. And we should think ourselves devoid of all patriotic attachments, did we not view with indignation an attempt to subvert the constitution of the United States. We are told by the author of a pamphlet published in this city, "*On the Impropriety and Inexpediency of renewing the Missouri Question*," that the part of the national compact which guarantees to citizens of any state the rights possessed by citizens of other states, cannot be carried into effect, and that we must acquiesce in its silent surrender! If there

be amendments necessary, let them be proposed to the people in the usual manner, and let not the constitution be trampled under foot by a factious minority. We would willingly avoid harsh language, but we can find no other words to express our opinion of a party, who threaten to refuse submission to the majority, and to act in contempt of all law.

The newspapers of the south accuse the free states of exciting anew this dreadful contention; but there is no ground for the imputation. Without inquiring at present into the propriety of such a course, we believe we are safe in asserting, that the claims of Missouri would have met with no strong opposition, had she left the grounds of dispute untouched, and suffered her policy to be guided by future circumstances. It is the unfriendly and foolish wish to exult over the free states, together with the malignant determination to do all that can be done to oppose the progress of improvement, that has alarmed all whose understandings are not blinded by prejudice, or perverted by a false view of interest. The slaveholding states have raised the debate, and have endeavoured to carry their views into effect, under circumstances which give us a most confident hope of their failure. If the advocates of freedom maintain their ground with mildness and firmness, their success is hardly doubtful.

New Tariff and Missouri.—We have great cause to rejoice, that immediately after the north and the south had been placed in animated contest upon an important measure, in which the division of opinion was almost entirely marked by geographical boundaries, there should arise another to break up the parties, and to form other connexions. The south and the north have combined upon the question of the tariff, against a party in the middle states and the west; and a striking instance is thus afforded to all, of the inestimable advantages of an union.

Apropos. How are we to account for the fact, that the advocates of an artificial system of manufactures, are among the most lukewarm in their opposition to the extension of slavery?

The Georgia legislature have passed resolutions expressive of their continued approbation of the conduct of their members of Congress at the last session, in relation to the Tariff and Missouri questions.

A letter from Hayti states, that measures are about to be adopted to forbid the

admission of vessels from any state or colony in which people of colour are held in slavery.

Public Lands.—A writer in the National Gazette complains, that while so much is done for the relief of the debtors of the national treasury, in the south and west, those in the north and east are forced to pay to the uttermost farthing. Demands for debts on land are postponed to meet the wishes of the purchaser, but from the merchant who owes the duties, the collectors and marshals exact the most rigorous punctuality. It is a subject that has been growing more and more difficult for many years past. The present amount of the debt due for public lands is \$22,000,657, and if its increase had not been prevented by the late law, commanding all sales to be hereafter made for cash, we should before many years have been told by the debtors, that however true it might be in *theory* that they ought to pay, it was entirely *impossible in practice*, and that those who were urging Congress to take some measures to secure the debt, were traitors to their country, and were endeavouring to dissolve the union. We often see, even now, in the western papers, grievous complaints that the Atlantic states should reap such a harvest from the inland territories. The debt due for lands is considered by the newspaper essayists, as a *national tax*, operating unequally, because it presses altogether upon the south and west. We must confess that we can see no other reason for making a difference between the debts due for lands and those for duties, than that the latter have generally been paid with great punctuality: the others have been so long accustomed to what they call *relief*, that they cannot well do without it. This relief, like the poor laws, has created tenfold more distress than it has ever removed.

We venture to offer for consideration a plan for affording some respite to the debtors, and insuring the eventual payment of what is due. Let the price engaged to be paid for the lands remain on mortgage (the yearly payment of the interest being regularly exacted) for three, five or ten years, as may be deemed expedient. At the end of that time, let a portion of the principal be demanded, and payment enforced if necessary; and at the end of every year thereafter require the payment of a certain proportion, say one-twentieth, of the original debt. Such a law, to be effectual, should be like those of the Medes and Persians.

The *New York Legislature* seems determined to annoy governor Clinton while it has the power. A request was made, in consequence of an allusion in his speech, that the governor should lay before the Senate, any proof in his possession, of the interference of the officers of the general government in state elections. He replied "by a courteous communication, which alleged that the evidence requested would be furnished in due time." Without waiting a reasonable time for it to be collected and arranged, the majority in the Senate have passed a resolution, in which they assume that no testimony can be found, and unceremoniously state the conduct of the governor to be highly improper. The resolution was ordered to be published, and a copy to be sent to his excellency, who on the next day (the last of the session) returned the following message in answer.

TO THE SENATE.

Gentlemen—I have this moment received a resolution of your honourable body, which, as well as the one to which it refers, I shall fully notice at the next meeting of the legislature: And I shall, therefore, at this late hour, pass it over with the expression of my sincere regret, that any branch of the legislature should in so unprecedented a manner, lose sight of the respect due to itself, and the courtesy due to a co-ordinate department of the government.

DE WITT CLINTON.

This message, by a party vote, the Senate refused to receive; and ordered the clerk to return it to the governor.

Were Mr. Clinton merely a selfish politician, he would rejoice at this indecent violence of his enemies: it cannot injure him, but must recoil with disgrace upon themselves.

There is a circumstance connected with the resolution of the Senate, upon which we will take the liberty of making a remark. By a rule of the Senate, when one-third of the members present oppose the consideration of a motion, it cannot be taken up on the same day in which it is made. In this case, there were 12 opposed to 17; but one of the majority moved to *dispense with that rule*, which was carried. This is by no means a novel case, but is not therefore the less reprehensible. Such rules are made to prevent tyrannical overbearance, and to guard against the enactment of laws without due consideration.

We are glad to hear that the report of general Ripley's death is untrue. It has been printed in all the newspapers, and has called forth several funereal eulogies,

and biographical sketches of life and character. The *National Intelligencer* observes, that the general may enjoy the rare advantage of seeing his character portrayed as it will be after his death.

Record.

CONGRESS.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

The committee to whom has been referred the constitution of the state of Missouri, respectfully report:

That they have not supposed themselves bound to inquire whether the provisions of the constitution referred to them be wise or liberal. The grave and difficult question as to the restraints which should be imposed upon the power of Missouri to form a constitution for itself, was decided by the act of the last session, and the committee have had only to examine whether the provisions of that act have been complied with. In the opinion of the committee, they have been. The propositions, too, which were offered in the same act to the free acceptance or rejection of the people of Missouri, have all been accepted by them. But there remains a question too important to be overlooked.

We know that cases must often arise in which there may be a doubt whether the laws or constitution of a state do not transcend the line (sometimes the obscure line) which separates the powers of the different governments of our complex system. It appears to the committee, that, in general, it must be unwise in Congress to anticipate judicial decision by the exposition of an equivocal phrase, and that it would be yet more objectionable, by deciding on the powers of a state just emerged from territorial dependence, that it should give the weight of its authority to an opinion which might condemn the laws and constitutions of old, as well as sovereign states. The committee are not unaware that a part of the twenty-sixth section of the third article of the constitution of Missouri, by which the legislature of the state has been directed to pass laws "to prevent free negroes and mulattoes from coming to, and settling in, the state," has been construed to apply to such of that class as are citizens of the United States, and that their exclusion has been deemed repugnant to the federal constitution. The words which are objected to are to be found in the laws of at least one of the middle states (Delaware), and a careful examination of the clause might perhaps countenance the opinion that it applies to the large class of free negroes and mulattoes who cannot be considered as the citizens of any state. But, of all the articles in our constitution, there is probably not one more difficult to construe well than that which gives to the citizens of each state the privileges and immunities of citizens of the several states; there is not one, an attention to whose spirit is more necessary to the convenient and beneficial connexion of states; nor one of which too large a construction would more completely break down their defensive power, and lead more directly to their

consolidation. This much, indeed, seems to be settled by the established constitutions of states in every section of our union: that a state has a right to discriminate between the white and the black man, both in respect to political and civil privileges, though both be citizens of another state: to give to the one, for instance, the right of voting and of serving on juries, which it refuses to the other. How far this discrimination may be carried, is obviously a matter of nice and difficult inquiry. The committee do not propose to engage in it. They believe it best, whenever a case occurs which must necessarily involve the decision of it, that it should be remitted to judicial cognizance.

In this view (which narrows their inquiries and duties), they are confirmed, by a consideration of the embarrassments and disasters which a different course of proceeding might sometimes produce. When a people are authorized to form a state, and do so, the trammels of their territorial condition fall off. They have performed the act which makes them sovereign and independent. If they pass an unconstitutional law, and we leave it, as we should that of another state, to the decision of a judicial tribunal, the illegal act is divested of its force by the operation of a system with which we are familiar. The control of the general government is exercised in each particular case, in support of individual right, and the state retains the condition which it has just acquired, and would not easily renounce. But a decision by Congress against the constitutionality of a law passed by a state of which it had authorized the establishment, could not operate directly by vacating the law; nor is it believed that it could reduce the state to the dependence of a territory. In these circumstances, to refuse admission into the union of such a state, is to refuse to extend over it that judicial authority which might vacate the obnoxious law, and to expose all the interests of the government within the territory of that state, to a legislature and a judiciary, the only checks on which have been abandoned. On the other hand, if Congress shall determine neither to expound clauses which are obscure, nor to decide constitutional questions which must be difficult and perplexing, equally interesting to old states, whom our construction could not, as to the new, whom it ought not to coerce, the rights and duties of Missouri will be left to the determination of the same temperate and impartial tribunal which has decided the conflicting claims, and received the confidence of the other states.

The mayor of this city has issued an official notice to put the people upon their guard against the artifices of foreigners "of good address, but of base and depraved principles," who have for many years past, "visited our country with forged credentials, counterfeit recommendations, and spurious statements of alleged losses. These sons of deception have traversed the country in almost every direction, exhibiting their false documents for the purpose of obtaining money for the ostensible object of redeeming some of their near relatives from Algerine slavery, others to rebuild churches destroyed by fire or earthquakes, to assist distressed villagers whose all

had been swept away by some sad catastrophe, or to remunerate for losses lately sustained by pirates on the ocean." It is said that very large sums have thus been collected, and that there is a regular "rendezvous in this city whence they issue on their depredatory excursions, and after being absent from three to twelve months, and sometimes longer, they return with their spoil." Having been creditably informed that "ten additional recruits to the corps have arrived at this port from Europe," and have "in company with twelve or fourteen others, started to the westward," our active and worthy mayor has thought it proper to "put the unwary on their guard, and to caution them against placing any confidence in documents that may be handed to them clothed with all the apparent formality of consular certificates, seals and signatures, as well as the names of other highly respectable characters, as it is fully believed, that scarcely in a single instance are they genuine."

The grand jury of the city and county of New York, have found an indictment against one of the venders of national lottery tickets.

On the 23d ult. Mr. Guille ascended with his balloon, detached a monkey in a parachute, and came down himself at Mantua in safety.

A correspondent of the Albany Gazette, says that he has seen sewing silk of domestic manufacture, superior in beauty to any imported. The woman who had it for sale came from Connecticut, and states that there are mulberry trees near her residence from which she took the web made by the silk worm, and spun the silk herself.

The Massachusetts convention is yet occupied by the great business of amending the constitution.

Agriculture.

A Discourse read before the Essex Agricultural Society, in Massachusetts, February 21, 1820; suggesting some improvements in the agriculture of the county. By Timothy Pickering, president of the society.

(Continued from p. 344.)

On Root Crops.

Premiums having been proposed to encourage the raising of carrots, ruta бага and mangel wurtzel; and as these articles, cultivated extensively, are of vast importance to farmers; I can perhaps in no way better promote the views of the society, in their vote before mentioned, than by describing the methods of cultivating those roots, which elsewhere have been practised with great success, but to which, and indeed to the roots themselves (carrots excepted) most of our husbandmen are strangers.

The introduction of clover, and subse-

quently carrying the culture of the common turnip extensively into the field, marked distinguished eras in the improvements of English husbandry. At a later period, carrots were cultivated by some farmers; and within a few years past, the mangel wurtzel and the ruta бага have become objects of general cultivation. And now these five articles constitute essential branches of the highly improved husbandry of Great Britain.

COMMON TURNIPS. These for a long time were raised (and perhaps this practice is still very general) by sowing the seeds broad-cast, and weeding and thinning them with hoes, till the plants stood at from a foot to fifteen inches apart. But the most correct practice appears to be that of drilling the seeds in rows, and hoeing and keeping them clear from weeds. And this weak, watery root has been the principal food of immense flocks of store sheep, during the winter; and when plentifully given, only with the addition of straw, has served to fatten cattle and sheep for the market.

CARROTS. Even these plants, so long after they vegetate extremely small, were also raised from seed sown broad-cast. But this awkward practice, I believe, has generally given way to the row-culture, whether the seeds were sown by hand, or by the instrument called a drill. In very rich land, great crops have been raised where the rows were only from twelve to fifteen inches apart. The great crop of 752 bushels, weighing eighteen tons and three quarters, raised on one acre, in Salem, by Erastus Ware, in 1817, was in rows about sixteen inches apart. The seed was sown the 14th of May. But I am inclined to think a preferable mode would be, to sow the seeds in double rows about ten inches apart, with intervals of three feet between the double rows, so as to admit a small plough, as well as the hoe, in their cultivation. In this case, a deep furrow being opened by the plough, the manure should be regularly thrown into it, and covered by four back furrows, so forming a ridge over the manure; and this ridge being laid level with a light harrow, or with rakes, or if the soil be in fine tilth, by a light roller, will then be ready to receive the seed. As soon as the carrots are plainly to be seen, they should be hoed and weeded; or the weeds will soon outstrip the carrots (which are of very slow growth at first) and render their cleansing vastly more troublesome and laborious. They should also be thinned, to stand single, and only from three to five inches apart in the rows; or the roots will be small, and cost

much more time in handling and topping (cutting or wringing off the tops) at the time of harvesting them. The entire crop, too, will doubtless be smaller than when the plants are thinned as here recommended.

THE MANGEL WURTZEL. This plant yields a much more abundant crop than the carrot; and at the same time contains, in the same quantity or weight of roots, a great deal more nourishment: whence it is natural to suppose that it requires a richer soil than carrots. I have not made sufficient trials to enable me to express a decided opinion on the best mode of cultivating the mangel wurtzel; and will therefore lay before you the successful practice, on strong land, in the county of Essex, in England, as it is stated, from a recent English publication, by the Philadelphia Society of Agriculture.*

The mangel wurtzel is sometimes called the great, or improved beet, and root of scarcity; but now, more generally, mangel wurtzel, its German name. The following is the account of its culture, at Bedfords, in Essex.

"It may be proper, in the first place, to state what is meant by *strong land*. The surface soil is loamy, and from four to twelve inches deep, upon a bed of strong clay mixed with gravel. It is too heavy, and generally too wet, in the winter, even for sheep to eat a crop of turnips on the ground; and although good turnips are raised upon it, it is always necessary to draw them for the sheep, stall-fed cattle, or cattle in the yards.

"In the middle, or latter end of the month of April, the furrows are set out with the plough, two feet apart, and double ploughed; that is, the plough returns on the (same) furrow to the point whence it set out, forming a ridge between each two furrows.

"Double ploughing with a common plough is preferable to single ploughing with a double mould board plough, because it affords a greater depth of loose earth than the double mould board plough would produce.

"In these furrows, the manure, which should be in a rotten state, is deposited, after the rate of six cubic yards to an acre.†

* Memoirs of the society, vol iii. Appendix.

† Six cubic yards contain 162 cubic feet, or three cartloads for a pair of oxen. A cart body, 7 feet long, 4 feet wide, and 2 feet high, in the clear, contains 56 cubic feet; and three times 56 are 168. I doubt the necessity of manure being "in a rotten state," seeing it is to be so

"The ridges are then split by the plough, going and returning the same way as before mentioned; leaving the manure immediately under the middle of the new ridges. A light roller is then passed along the ridges,* in the middle of which the seed is dibbled, so that the plants may receive all the benefit which can be derived from the manure.†

deeply buried, for this or any other root crop intended for the food of domestic animals; especially for mangel wurtzel, which, to obtain a full crop, should be sown very early, as soon as the ground is dry enough to be ploughed. The powerful fermentation of fresh dung might impart to the soil a salutary warmth in the cool spring season. At least it may be worth while to try it.

* These narrow ridges, as formed by the plough, are sharp: by passing a light roller over them they are flattened to a breadth of eight or nine inches. The light roller, drawn by a horse, that walks in the furrow between them, flattens two ridges at a time. Thus rolled, the manure will be covered eight or nine inches deep.

† A dibble is a simple tool, which may be of different sizes and forms, according to the uses it is intended to serve. If for setting (in transplanting) cabbages or other like plants, it may be a round stick about an inch and a quarter in diameter, shaved down at one end (in a slope of eight or ten inches long) to a blunt point. An old spade or shovel handle is well adapted to the purpose. If much used, the slope may be advantageously covered smoothly with iron. But for putting in seeds, the dibble may be in the form of the letter T. To make one take a piece of wood about three feet four inches long, and about an inch and a quarter square. In one of the sides bore holes in a line, and insert teeth at the proposed distance of the plants in the row: if for mangel wurtzel, at ten, eleven, or twelve inches apart: and let the teeth be as long (projecting from the head-piece) as the proposed depth at which the seeds are to be sown. On the opposite side of the head-piece, bore a hole in the middle, large enough to receive a handle of convenient length. On the top of the handle fix a cross piece five or six inches long, to be grasped by the hand in using the tool. With it, as many holes for seeds will be made, at every movement, as there are teeth in the head. The handle may require bracing, in like manner as a rake handle and its head are braced by means of bows.

It now occurs to me, that perhaps the light roller used in levelling the tops of the ridges may be set with teeth, and thus perform the additional office of making holes for the seed; and with vastly greater expedition than by dibbling. A light roller, long enough to flatten two ridges at once, of thirteen inches in diameter, and furnished with two sets of four teeth each, to pass along the middles of two adjoining ridges—and the four teeth of each set being inserted at equal distances in a circle of the roller—the holes for the seed would be made at the desired distance of near one foot from each other. The teeth should be so shaped as to leave the holes made

"The seed is deposited about an inch deep, whilst the moisture is fresh on the earth,‡ and covered by drawing a garden rake along the rows. After this, the light roller is again passed along the ridges, (to press the earth upon the seeds) and the work is finished.

"When the plants are about the size of a radish, they are hoed with a turnip hoe, leaving the plants in the row about twelve inches apart. If any of the seeds fail, and there happen not to be an even crop, the roots where they are too thick are drawn out before the hoeing takes place, and transplanted to fill up the vacant places, and insure a full crop; which is always certain, inasmuch as 99 plants out of 100 thrive and do well. In transplanting, care is necessary to prevent the point of the root from turning upwards.

"The weeds, while the plants are young, are kept hoed; but after the head of the plant has once spread, no weed can live under its shade; and the expense of hoeing afterwards is trifling indeed.

"The whole of the crop is taken up in the month of November,§ in dry weather. The tops are cut off near the crown of the plants, and the plants, when perfectly dry, are piled up in a shed, and covered with straw sufficiently thick to preserve them from the frost. They kept last year till the latter end of March, and they would have kept much longer.

"Where a field selected for a crop of beet (the mangel wurtzel) happens to be in a foul state, the seed had better be sown in a garden, and the whole field planted with the young beet, when of the size of a radish. This will give time for cleaning the

by them fairly open. For this purpose they may be an inch and a half wide and three quarters of an inch thick, where their shoulders are fayed to the roller, and taper thence to a rounded thick edge at their extremities. The same teeth, if not too long, may serve to regulate and expedite the sowing of the ruta бага seed.

‡ It is very important to have seeds of all kinds sown as soon as possible after the ground is ploughed and prepared to receive them, and before the moisture of the fresh stirred earth is dissipated by the sun and drying winds: otherwise some may never vegetate, or not till after a fall of rain; and so precious time may be lost, and an uneven crop be produced.

§ The time of taking up the mangel wurtzel must be regulated by the climate. There is sometimes a frost in the latter part of October, in this county, severe enough to injure this root, exposed, as the greater part of it is, above ground. Light frosts, however, will do it no harm, while the roots remain in the ground, and in a degree sheltered by their leaves.

ground, and fitting it for a crop; for although the beets are destroyers of weeds, it is not meant to recommend sowing them on foul ground, or in any way to encourage a slovenly system of farming.

"The method of cultivating the beet root here recommended is the same as that used in the cultivation of turnips, in Northumberland and other parts of the north (of England) with this exception, that the rows there are twenty-seven inches apart. There may be reasons in the north for still preserving that space; but in Essex the effect of it, in the cultivation of the beet root, would be, that instead of forty-eight tons per acre, forty-three tons only would be obtained. Experience has proved, that the roots do not get to a larger size in rows three feet apart, than they do in rows two feet apart. It may therefore fairly be presumed, that they would not be larger, in rows twenty-seven inches apart; and if not larger, the weight of the crop, per acre, must be less, because the plants decrease in number as the rows increase in space."

(To be continued.)

Miscellany.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Lake School of Poetry—Mr. Wordsworth.

It may seem an ill timed and unnecessary attempt of periodical criticism to recur to works that have reached beyond the proper sphere of its power—works that have had much influence on the poetical sentiment and taste of these countries—that have called forth well deserved admiration and merited contempt—that have been hailed in different minds with *religion* and *ridicule*—by different classes of readers with enthusiasm and apathy, with pleasure and disgust—that have made us acquainted not only with new habits of composition, but also with new modes of thinking; but it is the office, nay the *bounden duty* of every one that regards the welfare of the public taste, and is anxious to preserve the purity of the national poetry, however he may admire the grander traits of those productions, to warn the unwary reader, and the dreaming enthusiast, of the faulty and corrupt system of the greater portion of this modern poetry. Its disciples are men of genius—its air is imposing; few hearts are proof against an air of simplicity—the most engaging introduction to the human heart, though it be even nothing but mock simplicity. Many are pleased with the delineation of the feelings, habits,

and affections of the unsophisticated sojourner of rural seclusion; but few are so well acquainted with him as to know whether the sketch be true or counterfeit, faithful or caricatured; and there are too many congenial dreamers, who are pleased with the sublime and shadowy enigmas they cannot comprehend, who conceive what the writer never imagined, who think depth of thought lies in obscurity of expression, and are enthusiastic in the undefined and indefinable feelings and vapoury abstractions of the strong, thoughtful, and fanciful minds, under the frenzy rolling and fascinating eye of whose imaginations they are more than spell bound. It is evident from all this that I allude to the Lake School of Poetry.

Now, if the maxim of the poetical critic of the highest poetical and cultivated age, "*recte scribendi sapere est et principium et fons*," be founded in truth, no system can be more opposed to the principle than that of those modern bards, who boldly overleap the barriers of definite knowledge, and consequently of wisdom—who trifle with the babyism of children—who affect the idiotism of fools both in sentiment and expression, and institute a poetical bedlam on the top of Parnassus—whose Pegasus sometimes seems to be nothing but the hobby horse of an infant—who seem to prefer to the winged and fiery courser of the poet, to win the race of poetical honour by bestriding the broomstick and by humbly submitting "*equitare arundine longa*—" who prefer a straight waistcoat to the fine floating mantle of the Muses, and a fool's cap to the evergreen garland of legitimate poetical power—who sin against taste most flagrantly in adapting the diction of a factitious rustic barbarism to the sublime philosophy they aim at, and the high and fervid inspiration they affect.

Unless the true and general maxim "*the proper study of mankind is man*," be now disputed, and must now be superseded, we cannot approve of that part of the system of the Lake Minstrelsy, that neglects rational exalted man, to lavish its powers upon naturals, idiots, and madmen—that transfers poetical agency from rational to irrational creatures, from animated to inanimate nature—that would thus work upon our hearts and influence our actions: there is something in this neither strictly nor poetically moral. It is a sort of *poetical misanthropy*—worse than the *moral misanthropy* of Byron, to disregard immortal man, and teach him from clouds, trees, air, flowers, fools, cattle, children and madmen.

It seems like dwelling with something of a complacent and continued satisfaction on the weaknesses and blemishes of our frailties and natures—though few can conceive the sublimities of the human mind more nobly, or its heavenly attributes more powerfully, or have a more comprehensive or minute knowledge of the most delicate workings of the human heart. It seems to be a kind of *poetical materialism* too, to subject mind to matter, to bind down the imperishable spirit in the trammels of perishable objects, which is a system uniformly preserved in the entire range of the Lake poesy.

Akenside himself, who seems to be *one* of the prototypes of the Lake bards, shows how much inferior the poetry of such feelings is to the “moral species,” to “the powers of passion and of thought.” Out of many beautiful instances I will quote the following sublime passage.

—Or is there in the abyss,
Is there, among the adamant spheres,
Wheeling unshaken through the boundless void,
Aught that with half such majesty can fill
The human bosom, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent, from the stroke of Caesar's fate
Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending like eternal Jove
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and shook the crimson sword
Of justice in his rapt astonished eye,
And bade the father of his country hail,
For lo! the tyrant prostrate in the dust,
And Rome again is free!

This is the opinion of the philosophical Akenside. Would that his *partial* imitators would adopt and profit by it—would that they were content to

Adapt the finer organs of the mind
To certain attributes which matter claims;

and not set up an exclusive supremacy of *matter* over *mind*. But the *Lakers* seem to have vitiated the purity, simplicity, and philosophy of their admired models—Cowper and Akenside, by German exaggeration. For the same morbid sensibility manifested in the creation of character and sentiment and action in the one class of writers, is transferred to the feelings derived from the visible creation, by the other. So that the Lake poetry is a sort of mongrel minstrelsy, made up of English truth and simplicity, and German exaggeration and eccentricity; of English meaning and German mystery, so blended, that it takes an air of something *novel*, sometimes beautiful, sometimes ridiculous, and always so in exact proportion to the predominate likeness it bears to one or the other of the ill-mated partners of its parentage.

The subject of the present article, the “Magnus Apollo” of this new and incongruous realm of the Muses, is Mr. Wordsworth. In him all its beauties exist in the highest degree, as also its faults in the greatest number, though we think they could be shown more flagrantly from some others of the tribe, which proves that faults are generally the landmarks of imitation. It is curious to observe the modifications of the system, as it has acted on differently constituted minds. Mr. Wordsworth seems to be the only man amongst them that can master it felicitously. Mr. Coleridge is more gloomy, more metaphysical, more mysterious. No prophet ever sat on the tripod with a higher air of mystery, or delivered his dark oracles with deeper tones of raving sublimity. It is a shadowy and dark thunder storm in his hand, that obscures all nature, where nothing is seen except from a few bright intermittent flashes of lightning. Mr. Wilson seems to be too *fanciful* and not *imaginative* enough—to be too fond of turns, delicacies, and quaintnesses, for the simplicity of its nature. It seems to be a black cloud over him, that he is striving to colour into a rainbow, but he cannot make the lights and shades mingle delicately enough to make it span the heaven as a natural arch.

It is in Mr. Montgomery's hand a spent thunderbolt, all its fire quenched, all its power lost. When it is in the hands of the cockney bards and others, it is such a *hybrid* and incongruous species, that like that *non-descript* age of Juvenal's mythology it can be illustrated from nothing in nature. The laureate belongs to the school, but we would wish to raise him above it, from his creation of character, and description of actions, and because though often extravagant he is never ridiculous till he comes under the influence of its silly affectation or incurable egotism—which is a loathsome cancer, inherent in its very nature; and *I, self, mine*, must be the tiresome and eternal burden of the song, while there exists an imitator of the system. It must run in its essence, in its very blood, from father to son, till its final extinction. In Mr. Wordsworth alone it is in its native and natural soil. He has a mind, meditative, mild, and philosophical, and a heart delicately sensitive to all the impulses from visible nature, with a reflection and abstraction capable of embodying and making mind-created and local existences in the human heart, of those spiritual feelings, excited, from the impulse of natural objects, by a communion of sense and soul. In the happier effects of this mental pro-

cess, his poetry is like a mild autumn day, with quick and fleeting successive alternations of sun and shadow—or rather like a soft moonlight night, where objects are not less lovely for being less defined, where those that can be seen, are seen more accurately than in the glare of day, and where the distant scenes, though obscured by an impervious shadow, undefined and undefinable to the most piercing ken, yet the mysterious veil that envelops them is so glowing, so mild, and so mellow, that though we cannot admire themselves, we admire the painted mist that wraps them from our grosser sense with its rich and delicate texture. But this spirit of abstraction when it soars into the region, or rather sinks into the abyss of the “dark profound” of mysticism, and bounds beyond the pale of human reason, and even human imagination—at least of common reasons, and common imaginations—is nothing but (to use words of his own)

“An instinct—a blind sense
Coming one knows not how nor whence
Nor whither going.”

And of what use is this *blind sense*? Of none. It is more fantastic, more visionary, more superstitious, more mischievous than the *second sight* in the Isle of Sky. The cause of this obscurity is plain. In the descriptions of the visible world, these poets strive to describe the simple feelings excited by *accidents*, which, like the simple ideas of Locke, can only be felt, but never defined—to body forth in the tangible and corporeal shape of language, these spiritual sensations, begotten by an intellectual communion with nature, modified by the most refined sensibility, the most subtle abstraction, and the most abstruse metaphysical imagination, vainly striving to make words a “mock apparel” to “unutterable thought.” Hence they are obscure; hence they are mysterious.

But it is not against this I chiefly protest; though its excess is a most inexcusable blemish, it is a fault that leans to virtue’s side. These grand and sublimated conceptions of nature, like many other of its properties, must be obscure, but we can never read many pages before we are disgusted, with silliness, rudeness, meanness, affectation, eccentric thinking and false simplicity, which when it is not mere babyism, degenerates into perfect folly; and in wise men wittingly writing in this manner is even worse, for they seem to suppose, through a vain egotistical importance (of which agreeable quality the most modest of them has as much as would stock any ten poets, and

those not of the most unassuming demeanour), because they can write well when it pleases them, they can cram folly and poetical impertinence, like a nauseous drug, which they even disdain to sweeten, down the throat of a nation’s healthful taste, and change the masculine strength and spirits, and the true simplicity of the English poetry into the weak and watery style of their affected childishness and fainting affectation. I wonder from which of the imaginative bards of their adoration, could they get the smallest foundation for such a flimsy superstructure. Will they find any such cobwebs woven in the brains of Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Thomson, Akenside, Cowper, their great idols? They will plead the authority of the old ballads; but even there the plea made by them would be demurred to in any legitimate or learned court of criticism. There is an honest rudeness, a true simplicity, an unaffected description, a plain style of sentiment running through those old legends, that but ill harmonize with the disingenuous affectation of style, sense, and feeling, that characterizes some of these insipid lucubrations.

Let us take any one of those ridiculous pieces of burlesque, for instance “*The Idiot Boy*.” In its story, its language, its conduct, its sentiment, it is mean, improbable, uninteresting, affected and ludicrous. The story is the adventures of a Fool’s errand; an idiot is sent for a doctor, who instead of bringing the doctor, to be sure, with Mr. W.’s accurate knowledge of the modes of thought and habits of action peculiar to idiotism, is putting stars in his pocket or playing with a waterfall, (by the way, a sport Mr. W. is very fond of as well as his fool). But now let us consider this piece of factitious impertinence, and see whether it possesses any thing of true or natural simplicity or real feeling. Listen to the caparisoning of *Johnny’s Pony* and the mounting of *Johnny*. Spirit of Homer! hide your diminished head. The horses of Mars were never harnessed with such “pomp, pride, and circumstance,” by Flight and Terror; they are mean grooms when compared to the *fiddling-fuddling* of *Betty Foy*!! Hebe herself, preparing Juno’s chariot steeds, is a poor personage to her!!

Why bustle thus about your door,
What means this bustle, *Betty Foy*?
Why are you in this mighty fret?

* * * *

Beneath the moon, that shines so bright,
Till she is tired, let *Betty Foy*
With girt and stirrup *fiddle-faddle*;
But wherefore set upon a saddle
Him whom she loves, her idiot boy?

Certainly a sensible question, "*wherefore set upon a saddle?*" How will Mr. W. answer it? No doubt, he will say there was no one else

To bring a doctor from the town,
Or she will die, *old Susan Gale*.

Even the harnessing of the celestial steeds for the chariot of the sun sinks into insignificance before the preparation of *Betty's pony*, which being brought home, after, we do not know whether "feeding in the lane," or "drawing home faggots from the wood," either "in joy," or "in pain," (as if it concerned us to know whether he was not blind or spavined,)

— Is all in travelling trim,
And by the moonlight, *Betty Foy*
Has up upon the saddle set,
(*The like was never heard of yet*)

{We doubt not that, indeed,}

Him whom she loves, her idiot boy.

Well, *Johnny* is up without "boot" or "spur," or "whip" or "wand," but armed with "his holly bough," he makes "*a hurly-burly now*." *Betty* now gives him her directions—her last admonition is really excellent—it is simple and loving and maternal! *Phœbus's* advice to *Phaeton* will not bear comparison with this address.

"*Johnny! Johnny!* mind that you
Come home again, nor stop at all—
Come home again, whate'er befall
My Johnny, do, I pray you do."

Johnny answered with "his head and with his hand,"

And proudly shook the bridle too.

The following description of *Johnny's* joy after being mounted, is superlative. What is the delight of *Phaeton* after receiving the reins from his father to it!

But when the pony moved his legs,
Oh! then for the poor idiot boy!
For joy he cannot hold the bridle,
For joy his head and heels are idle,
He's idle all for very joy.

And while the pony moves his legs,
In *Johnny's* left hand you may see
The green bough's motionless and dead:
The moon that shines above his head
Is not more still or mute than he.

His heart it was so full of glee,
That till full fifty yards were gone,
He quite forgot his holly whip
And all his skill in horsemanship.
Oh! happy, happy, happy, John."

Oh! "happy, happy, happy pair!" *Johnny* and his pony!—*happy Johnny Foy!!* happier far than *Johnny Gilpin*, both in the bard who sings your travels, and in your good humoured hack. Well, *Betty* standing at the door observes with joy

How quietly her *Johnny* goes.

She rejoices in his silence, sees him turn "the guide post right," and watches him in maternal pride till he is out of sight.

Burr, burr—now *Johnny's* lips the *burr*
As loud as any mill, or near it,
And *Johnny* makes the noise he loves,
And *Betty* listens glad to hear it.

We are told a line or two above that *Betty* rejoiced in the silence of her idiot boy—and really *Johnny's burr* must have been "as loud as any mill, or near it," if *Betty* heard it after he was out of sight.

Well *Johnny* goes on:

The owlets hoot, the owlets *curr*,
And *Johnny's* lips, they *burr, burr, burr*,
As on he goes beneath the moon.

We wonder much it was beneath the moon—the moon, no doubt, drawn down from heaven by the attractive harmony of this divine duet between *Johnny's burring* and the owlets *curring*, should have been dancing under his pony's feet. We are now treated with a most novel and original description of the good humour of the pony.

For of this pony there's a rumour,
That should he lose his eyes and ears,
And should he live a thousand years
He never will be out of humour.

This would be strange if we could believe the next line.

But then he is a horse that thinks.

Balaam's ass spoke, and *Achilles's* horse prophesied—no doubt a greater gift; but Mr. Wordsworth makes us acquainted with the pony's habit of thought in the very next line.

And when he thinks his pace is slack.

We wonder he did not make him fold his fore legs over his breast—sure it would be natural! Yet we think the following lines rather tend to shake our implicit credence in the thinking faculty of this intellectual nag.

Now though he knows poor *Johnny* well,
Yet for his life he cannot tell
What he has got upon his back.

Well, *Betty* now "not quite so flurried," nurse-tends *Old Susan*, hands her the "porringer and plate," talks diverting things of *Johnny*, till his delay becomes matter of fear and suspicion; but we will pass over the accurate registry of the hours, and tell only how

Poor *Susan* moans, poor *Susan* groans,
while *Betty* avers, "He'll be back again" before eleven,

As sure as there's a moon in heaven.

Well, 'tis twelve—"The moon is in heaven as *Betty* sees," and yet neither *Johnny* nor the doctor appears. "*Betty* is in a sad quandary;" she "is not quite at *ease*," a strong expression for maternal affection—at length,

The clock is on the stroke of one,
and away *Betty* sets out after *Johnny*, being urged thus warmly by sick *Susan*,

"Nay, *Betty*, go! good *Betty*, go!"
And how she ran, and how she walk'd,
And all that to herself she talk'd
Would surely be a tedious tale.

No doubt, indeed!—Well, she sees *Johnny* in every object,

In bush, and brake, in black and green,
'Twas *Johnny*, *Johnny*, everywhere,

till at the doctor's door

She lifts the knocker, *rap, rap, rap*.

The doctor peeps out, "rubbing his old nightcap." *Betty Foy* did not care; and we are sure we would not, if it was a new Welsh wig the doctor rubbed. Well, she gets no tidings from the doctor, whom, as bad a messenger as her son, she forgets to send

To comfort poor old *Susan Gale*,
and passes on through the silent town, and on part of the road back, and yet she hears nothing, though like *Fine-ear* in the *Fairy Tale*, *Mr. W.* almost hears the grass growing. The owlets, "fond lovers," are shouting to each other, nearly, "*yet not quite hob nob*." *Betty* now is "bent on deadly sin." She perceives a pond, but she *runs away* from it,

Lest she should drown herself therein.

This is the best prescription that could be given to any person smitten with the insanity of drowning himself.

Well, *Betty* at length *sits down*; no doubt, 'twas time for her to rest. 'Tis a wonder *Mr. W.* with his usual interesting minuteness did not detail what she did as well as what she thought. Well, she thinks of the sagacity of the pony, and after that, if she met with fifty ponds, she would run away from them all. We are now very near getting an entire history of *Johnny's* adventures; but the *Muses*, to whom *Mr. W.* has been bound

These fourteen years, by strong indentures, deny him their aid. Heaven knows he would have served this double apprenticeship very ill, if he had nothing to show for it but *Johnny's Adventures*, and such like olios of folly, impertinence, and inanity. Still we are told what *Johnny* might have

been doing, viz. he might ("*no unlikely thought!*") have been bringing a star home in his pocket, or, perhaps, like honest Jack when he hires a hack at Plymouth,

He's turn'd himself about,
His face unto his horse's tail—

or—or—or—but the *Muses*, most ungrateful hussies, whom *Mr. W.* "loved so well," and has served so long, reject his suit to tell *half* of what happened to *Johnny*.

But see with what a start of admiration the bard kens *Johnny* again. Behold the effective power of the passionate interrogatory:

Who's yon that near the waterfall
Sits upright on a feeding horse?

For a guinea, every reader knows as well as *Mr. W.* But there is a doubt whether every one will equally recognise him with that fervent warmth of the poet, with that mixed feeling of love and wonder so finely described in this line,

'Tis *Johnny*! *Johnny*! as I live.

To be sure, *Betty* knew him; she runs up and *Johnny* *burrs* as usual. This shows *Mr. Wordsworth's* great art in the epopœia; it shows his power in the creation of character—one of the highest prerogatives of the poet. *Johnny* is the only hero, with whom we are acquainted, that preserves consistency of action throughout—he is equally *unique* in the beginning, middle, and end. *He burrs*. He is "*simplex duntaxat et unus*." The following lines, expressive of *Betty's* joy on the recovery of *Johnny*, are really unequalled, in the entire range of the poetry of feeling, for simple pathos, delicate feeling, and real knowledge of the human heart and of human actions, caused by such situations as that of *Betty Foy*!!

And now she's at the pony's tail,
And now she's at the pony's head,
On that side now and now on this;

* * * *

She's happy here, she's happy there,
She is *uneasy everywhere*.

* * * *

She pats the pony, *where or when*
She knows not, *happy Betty Foy*!

(*To be continued.*)

Northwest Region of the United States.

Washington, Nov. 23.

We were yesterday gratified with a few minutes conversation with captain J. R. Bell, who arrived in this city on Tuesday, from Cape Girardeau, in Missouri; which place he left on the 13th of October last. The information derived from him, was so

interesting to us, that we believe our readers will be pleased with some account of it.

Captain Bell was second in rank of an exploring expedition under the command of major Long, the objects of which were topographical and scientific information respecting the vast wilderness of country which stretches from the Council Bluffs, on the Missouri, to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, of which so little is yet known. The expedition being wholly pacific in its objects, consisted of some twenty soldiers only, and the following officers and artists, besides the two officers already mentioned; lieutenant Graham, lieutenant Swift, Dr. Say, Dr. James, and Messrs. Seymour and Peale, designers and painters.

The expedition sat out from the Council Bluffs, on the 6th of June, directing their course first to the Pawnee villages, on a fork of the La Platte, distant about one hundred and twenty miles from the Council Bluffs; and thence proceeded to the Rocky Mountains, distant about four hundred miles from the Pawnee villages. The interval is a rolling prairie country, of course destitute of hills and wood, so that the mountains are visible at the distance of one hundred and twenty miles. Time has not yet allowed a calculation of the observations, which were made as accurately as circumstances would allow, but it is supposed the greatest height of the ridge does not exceed the elevation of four thousand feet above the base of the mountain.

The expedition separated into two parties, near the point of the Arkansas designated on the maps as Pike's block-house.

The party under command of major Long, proceeded thence with a view to strike the head waters of Red river. But, it appears the maps which we have are very defective, the courses of the rivers being almost wholly conjectural, and often entirely fabulous. The expedition did not attain the object sought, because it was not to be found where it is laid down in the maps, and fell upon the waters of the Canadian fork of the Arkansas, which it pursued, and terminated its tour at Belle Point on the Arkansas, the post mentioned in the late message of the President to Congress, as being the advanced post of our cordon in that direction.

The other party under the command of captain Bell, proceeded down the Arkansas to Belle Point, which place they reached on the 9th September, after an absence of three months from the haunts of civilization.

Below the First Fork of the Arkansas,

as it was named by Pike, they met several hunting parties of strange Indians, whose names even have rarely, if ever, been heard of before—belonging to the tribes of the Arrapahoes, the Kaskayas, the Kiawas, and the Chayennes. They are frequently, and perhaps at present, engaged in war with the Pawnees, Osages, and other tribes of whom we have some knowledge. Of the Indians met by our party, none have ever been into our settlements. They appeared to be wholly ignorant of the existence of such a people as those of the United States, or indeed of the existence of any people of a fairer complexion than the inhabitants of Mexico, or the adjacent Spanish provinces, of whom it appeared they had some knowledge. Being made to understand the existence of such a government, its power and its humane policy, as exemplified in its treatment of other Indian tribes, they expressed a great desire to be taken by the hand by the United States, and to place themselves under our protection.

The topographers, medical gentlemen, and painters, attached to this expedition have collected abundant materials for correcting some of the gross errors in the received geography of this part of our country, for making important additions to medical botany, and to the stock of our geological knowledge of our own territory; and the painters have many interesting and valuable sketches of the prominent features of the country. Besides possessing the government of such information as was indispensable to judicious arrangements for the support and protection of the American population penetrating into that country, this expedition ought, and we hope will, form the subject of one of the most attractive works ever published in this country. What struck us the most impressively in this brief narrative was, that some thousand miles on this side of our utmost western boundary, or, in other words, about half way between the Mississippi river and the Pacific ocean, an exploring party has met with several tribes of men, the aborigines and the proprietors of the soil of the country, who were ignorant, not only of the existence of the people of the United States, but of the existence of a race of white people? It gives us an awful idea of the magnificent extent of the domain of the republic.

[*Nat. Int.*

MR. EDGEWORTH'S CHILDREN.

When he was building, or carrying on experiments, or work of any sort, he con-

stantly explained to his children whatever was doing or to be done; and by questions adapted to their several ages and capacities, exercised their powers of observation, reasoning and invention. It often happened that trivial circumstances, by which the curiosity of the children had been excited, or experiments obvious to the senses, by which they had been interested, led afterwards to deeper reflection or to philosophical inquiries, suited to others in the family, of more advanced age and knowledge. The animation spread through the house by connecting children with all that is going on, and allowing them to join in thought or conversation with the grown-up people of the family, was highly useful; and thus both sympathy and emulation excited mental exertion in the most agreeable manner. In trying experiments, he always showed that he was intent upon learning the truth, not upon supporting his opinion. By the examples he thus set us of fairness, candour and patience, he trained the understanding to follow the best rules of philosophizing; and, what is of more consequence for the happiness of the individual, he taught his pupils to apply philosophy to the government of the temper. He knew so exactly the habits, powers and knowledge of his pupils, that he seldom failed in estimating what each could comprehend or accomplish. He saw at once where their difficulty lay, and knew how far to assist, how far to urge the mind, and where to leave it entirely to his own exertions. His patience in teaching was peculiarly meritorious, I may say surprising, in a man of his vivacity. He would sit quietly while a child was thinking of the answer to a question, without interrupting, or suffering it to be interrupted, and would let the pupil touch and quit the point repeatedly; and, without a leading observation or exclamation, he would wait till the steps of reasoning and invention were gone through, and were converted into certainties. This was sometimes trying to the patience of the bystanders, who often decided that the question was too difficult; when just at the moment that the silence and suspense could be no longer endured, his judgment has been justified, and his forbearance rewarded, by the child's giving a perfectly satisfactory answer. The tranquillizing effect of this patience was of great advantage. The pupil's mind became secure, not only of the point in question, but steady in the confidence of its future powers. It was his principle to excite the attention fully and strongly for a short

time, and *never to go to the point of fatigue*. It often happens that a preceptor appears to have great influence for a time, and that this power suddenly dissolves. This is, and must be the case, wherever any sort of deception has been used. My father never used any artifice of any kind; and, consequently, he always possessed that confidence which is the reward of plain dealing; a confidence which increases in the pupil's mind with age, knowledge, and experience. I dwell on this reflection, certainly, with pride and pleasure, as far as it concerns my father and my beloved preceptor; but independently of private feelings, I trust that my strong assertion of this fact may be useful to the public. It may tend to convince parents that permanent influence over their children, that that influence which arises from grateful esteem, that which alone can endure from youth to age, may with certainty be obtained by PLAIN TRUTH. [Edgeworth's Mem.

SOCIETY IN IRELAND.

The middle classes of gentry in this part of Ireland, have within these last 30 or 40 years, improved much in their general mode of living, in manners, and in information. The whole style and tone of society are altered. The fashion has passed away of those desperately tiresome, long, formal dinners, which were given two or three times a year by each family in the country to their neighbours, where the company had more than they could eat, and twenty times more than they should drink; where the gentlemen could talk only of claret, horses, or dogs; and the ladies, only of dress or scandal: so that in the long hours, when they were left to their own discretion, after having examined and appraised each other's finery, many an absent neighbour's character was torn to pieces, merely for want of something to say or to do in the stupid circle. But now, the dreadful circle is no more; the chairs, which formerly could only take that form at which the firmest nerves must ever tremble, are allowed to stand, or turn in any way which may suit the convenience and pleasure of conversation. The gentlemen and ladies are not separated from the time dinner ends, till the midnight hour, when the carriages came to the door to carry off the bodies of the dead; or, till just sense enough being left, to find their way straight to the tea table, the gentlemen could only swallow

a hasty cup of cold coffee or stewed tea, and be carried off by their sleepy wives, happy if the power of reproach were lost in fatigue.

A taste for reading and literary conversation has been universally acquired and diffused. Literature has become, as my father long ago prophesied that it would become, fashionable; so that it is really necessary to all who would appear to advantage, even in the society of their country neighbours. A new generation of well informed young people has grown up, some educated in England, some in Ireland; while those of former days have been obliged to change their tone of real or affected contempt for *reading people*. They have been compelled, either to cultivate themselves in haste, to keep pace with their neighbours, or to assume at least the appearance of understanding, and of liking that which has become the mode.

About the year 1783 or 1784, my father happened to be present in the only great bookseller's shop then in Dublin, when a cargo of new books from London arrived, and among them the *Reviews*, or the *Review*, for the *Monthly Review* was the only one then sufficiently in circulation to make its way to Ireland. Of these, my father found, on inquiry, that not above a dozen, or twenty at the utmost, were ordered in this island. I am informed that more than two thousand *Reviews* are now taken in regularly. This may give some measure of the general increase of our taste for literature. The *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews* are now to be found in the houses of most of our principal farmers; and all therein contained, and the positive, comparative, and superlative merits and demerits of Scott, Campbell, and lord Byron, are now as common table and tea table talk here, as in any part of the united empire.

The distinction, which about half a century ago was very strongly marked between the manners and mental cultivation of a few families of the highest class of the aristocracy in Ireland, and all of the secondary class of gentry, has now, by the diffusion of literature, and the general improvement in education, been softened so much, as to be effaced in its most striking points of contrast. What might be termed the monopoly of elegance and information, it is no longer possible to maintain. This may be mortifying in some few instances to pride; but good sense, to say nothing of benevolence or patriotism, will see ample compensation. [Ibid.]

REV. SAMUEL BACON.

Amongst the ill-fated individuals who have fallen victims to the insidious and deadly climate of Africa, I notice the name of a dear and valued friend. The Reverend Samuel Bacon died at an English settlement called Cape Shilling, of a fever incident to the country. Conceiving that it would be interesting to the public, and, more especially, to the inhabitants of this place, to be in possession of some particulars relative to his life, which was one of extraordinary vicissitude, I have prepared for publication in your paper the following epitomized biography.

Samuel Bacon was born at Sturbridge, Massachusetts, on the 22d of July, 1782, and, after preparing himself in an under school, entered the university of Cambridge, of which he afterwards became a graduate. Quitting college, he launched out as do most of the enterprising young men of New England,

"In quest of fortune and a name."

He became principal and teacher of the languages in the Academy of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and divided his leisure hours in conducting the *Hive*, a periodical paper, of some literary merit, and in the study of the law. From thence he came to this town, which he ever afterwards considered his home. Here, he became first teacher in the academy, an institution in considerable repute, and in the task of the instruction of youth, conciliated the good of all his pupils, and of every one that knew him. Becoming weary of a pursuit, which is at best irksome and tedious, he applied for a commission in the service of his country, and was appointed a lieutenant of marines. He was soon after appointed a quarter-master, with the rank of captain. In the year 1814, the first date which I am able satisfactorily to ascertain, he married the daughter of Jacob Barnitz, esq. of this town, who died in the succeeding year, leaving a son, who is still living, as the memento of their union and affections. Whilst yet an officer of marines, he resumed the study of the law with a distinguished advocate in the city of Washington, and was admitted to the bar in the metropolis. At the battle of Bladensburg he was attached to commodore Barney's corps, and was the officer who managed the retreat. In the year 1815 or 16, he resigned, and returning to this place, commenced the practice of the law and received the appointment of deputy attorney general for York county. About this time he began to be seriously attentive

to things relating to his immortal welfare, and he evinced his sincerity by the best practical proofs. He laboured continually in the establishment of Sunday schools; and owing to his extraordinary exertions there were, at one time, in twenty-six schools of this county, about 2,000 scholars. He commenced a course of theological reading, whilst yet in the practice of the law, and upon the relinquishment of that profession, was ordained a deacon in the Episcopal church by Bishop White. He then travelled, as an agent of the Missionary and Bible Society, through this and the neighbouring states; soliciting donations, establishing Sunday schools, and endeavouring to do good in the great office in which he had been called. He was at length singled out by the heads of our government, as the agent of the United States to accompany the first adventure of the Colonization Society to their intended settlement on the African coast, where he finished his valuable life on the third day of May, 1820, aged 38 years.

Thus perished, in a land of savages, this good and amiable man; far removed from all that could smooth his passage to the grave, or uphold in the desponding hour of death.

History embalms the deeds of the great murderer,

“—— and Sculpture, in her turn
Gives bond in stone, and ever during brass,
To guard them, and t’ immortalize their trust;”
but those who have fallen in the great work of human happiness, whose lives have been spent in supporting, not destroying, the being and happiness of their fellow creatures, such are quietly inurned and speedily forgotten. Mr. Bacon deserves a better fate. He should not be forgotten—his are

“—— never with’ring wreaths, compared with
which,

The laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds.”

He will live in the remembrance of his pupils and friends, although no storied urn, no proud mausoleum marks the spot of his repose; and even the poor savage, as he strays over his sleeping dust, will drop a tear to the memory of one who was a friend to his race.

ONE OF HIS PUPILS.

Village Museum.]

Poetry.

FINLAND SONG.

ADDRESSED BY A MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

Sweet bird of the meadow, oh, soft be thy rest!
Thy mother will wake thee at morn from thy nest;

She has made a soft nest, little redbreast, for thee,

Of the leaves of the birch and the moss of the tree.

Then sooth thee, sweet bird of my bosom, once more!

’Tis Sleep, little infant, that stands at the door.

“Where is the sweet babe,” you may hear how he cries,

“Where is the sweet babe in his cradle that lies,

In his cradle, soft swaddled in vestments of down?

’Tis mine to watch o’er him till darkness be flown.”

[*Dr. Leyden.*

THE EVENING HOUR.

By Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson.

This is the hour when memory wakes

Visions of joys that could not last;

This is the hour when fancy takes

A survey of the past!

She brings before the pensive mind

The hallow’d scenes of earlier years;

And friends who long have been consigned

To silence and to tears!

The few we liked—the *one we loved*—

A sacred band! come stealing on;

And many a form far hence remov’d,

And many a pleasure gone!

Friendships that now in death are hush’d;

And young affection’s broken chain;

And hopes that fate too quickly crush’d,

In memory bloom again!

Few watch the fading gleams of day,

But muse on hopes as quickly flown!

Tint after tint, they died away,

Till *all* at last were gone!

This is the hour when fancy wreaths

Her spells round joys that could not last;

This is the hour when memory breathes

A sigh to pleasures past. [*New Mo. Mag.*
August, 1820.

Foreign Literature and Science.

Compiled for the National Recorder.

A vessel has been constructed for the navigation of the Forth and Clyde canal, in Scotland, entirely of forged iron. It is larger and at the same time lighter than any of those employed. It will contain 200 passengers. [*Rev. Enc. Mai. 1820.*

The literature of Italy is rapidly increasing. The “*Bibliotheca Italiana*,” edited by Acerbi, the author of *Travels to the North Cape*, announces that 700 cases of books, of 150 killogrammes each, are annually imported into Milan, from France, Switzerland and England, and without including the books which come from Germany and especially from the Austrian

states; and this commerce is principally in the way of exchange.

The number of books published in Lombardy alone, in 1819, amounted in value to more than 1,040,000 dollars. [*Ibid.*]

The number of letters daily distributed by the post office of Paris is nearly 32,000, and of journals 1,800; while in London the amount of letters is 133,000, and of journals 26,000. This, according to the respective population of the two places, is in Paris one letter for 62 persons, and one journal for 380 readers; but in London one letter for 9 persons, and a journal for 43 readers. [*Ibid.*]

A slide was erected in 1812 by Mr. Rupp, for the purpose of bringing down to the lake of Lucerne, the fine pine trees which grow upon Mount Pilatus. The wood was purchased by a company for £3000, and £9000 were expended in forming the slide. The length of the slide is about 44,000 English feet, or about 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles, and the difference of level of its two extremities is about 2600 feet. It is a wooden trough, about 5 feet broad and 4 deep, the bottom of which consists of three trees, the middle one being a little hollowed, and small rills of water are conducted into it to diminish friction. The declivity, at its commencement, is about 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ °, and Rupp calculated that a heavy body, not retarded by friction, would describe the whole length of the trough in 66 seconds. The large pines, with their branches and boughs cut off, are placed in the slide, and descending by their own gravity, they acquire such an impetus by their descent through the first part of the slide, that they perform their journey of 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles in the short space of 6 minutes, and under favourable circumstances, that is, in wet weather, in 3 minutes. Only one tree descends at a time, but by means of signals placed along the slide, another tree is launched as soon as its predecessor has plunged into the lake. Sometimes the moving trees spring or bolt out of the trough, and when this happens, they have been known to cut through trees in the neighbourhood, as if it had been done by an axe. When the trees reach the lake, they are formed into rafts, and floated down the Reuss into the Rhine.

The very singular phenomena described in Mr. Playfair's paper, arise from the diminution of friction, in consequence of an increase of velocity, and may be regarded as an experimental confirmation on a large scale, of the ingenious views of Coulomb,

who had the merit of discovering this remarkable property of friction.

[*Ed. Phil. Journ.*]

The Rev. Dr. Chalmers, minister of St. John's church, Glasgow, has in the press a volume of discourses on "The Application of Christianity to the commercial and ordinary Affairs of Life."

An Essay on the Genuineness, Authenticity, Credibility and Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures; including a Critical Investigation of the Contradictions which are asserted to exist in the Sacred Writings: by Thomas Hartwell Horne, M. A. of St. John's College, Cambridge—is preparing for publication.

Mr. Egan has in the press, a new and original work, entitled, "Life in London, or Day and Night Scenes of Jerry Hawthorn, Esq. in the Metropolis," with thirty-six plates from *real life*.

Shortly will be published, Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, Ancient Babylonia, &c. during the Years 1817-1820, by Sir Robert Ker Porter.

Preparing for the press, Letters from Spain; giving an Account of the principal events from Ferdinand's return in 1814 until the Revolution: with Anecdotes and Observations on Public Characters, Religion, Literature and Manners.

In the press, Rome in the Nineteenth Century, in 3 vols.

New Publications.

The Life of Queen Anne Boleyn; by Miss Benger. Being the first of a series of historical female portraits.

The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. vol. ii.

A selection of Fifty Games from those played by the Automaton Chess Player, during its exhibition in 1820.

The Tour of Dr. Syntax in Paris, in search of the Grotesque; embellished with 18 humorous coloured plates. By Rowlandson and others.

The Queen's Magazine, Nos. 1 to 10. This work will be exclusively dedicated to her majesty's case.

A Prayer for our gracious Queen Caroline; recommended to be used in private families till such time as her majesty's name shall appear in its proper place, in the church service. Price 6d.

Patent Machine Paper of J. & T. Gilpin, Brandywine.

Clark & Raser, Printers.